

to me, taking my hand to lead me into the house as if I were a child.

"I never tried it before," I said.

"You are strange to the country, my dear. I am glad the minister is at home, so you will not have your journey for nothing."

She was a pretty little woman in a home-made linsey dress and plain muslin cap. Her voice was peculiarly sweet and musical; her "my dear" sounded like a caress or a blessing. Opening a door leading from the sitting-room she spoke to the minister in Gaelic, and he answered in the same language. She led me into the inner room, and I stood in the presence of the Rev. Superintendent of Schools. He was a tall, massive, rugged, gray-haired man, closely shaved as to his beard, but with such bushy gray eyebrows that they almost concealed his bright, dark eyes. There was something in his face that reminded me of a mastiff, strong, sagacious and kind. He looked like one to be trusted once and forever. His fair-faced, sweet-voiced wife seemed to be just what was necessary to add patience and sweetness to wisdom and strength.

"And so you think of teaching, my young friend?" he said. "Well, the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made. Have you the divine gift of drawing the little ones near you? It is not altogether what you know—though that is important—but what you can impart, and how much you care for the children under your authority."

This ideal of teaching was far beyond mine. All that had troubled me was, did I know enough to teach? I began to distrust myself altogether as I listened to his words.

I said, "I am afraid I am very unfit. I am young and have no experience in teaching, and I am not very thorough in anything." I could not keep my voice from trembling a little.

The minister took off his glasses and looked at me kindly, saying, "We

must not let you get discouraged before you begin. Youthfulness is a disease that wears off in time, and self-distrust is not a bad symptom if it is not carried too far. Do not get nervous. Take a little rest before we begin the examination."

He began like Mr. Jessop to question me about my home and friends, my voyage out, and intentions for the future, nodding his head reflectively at my answers. Then he glided off into politics. He found me a good listener, as I well might be, for I was delightfully ignorant upon the subject. He explained to me the meaning of the terms Liberal and Conservative, giving me many reasons, which seemed absolutely unanswerable, why dissenters should be Liberals; why the people of Canada should be the same, and would be, if they understood the value of their birthright. He brought everything out so clearly that I did not see how any one could differ from him. "We will never," he said, "submit to be in the condition of the peoples of Europe, who, as your gifted countryman observed, 'believe that a small part of mankind are born booted and spurred, and the rest bridled and saddled.'"

He told me of some dreadfully unjust and selfish people whom he called the "Family Compact" (I wondered if they were a royal family), who were overthrown, after almost ruining Canada. He told me of the new member whom the Blair Athol settlement had, with the assistance of some others, returned to Parliament: of his learning, talents, liberal sentiments and eloquence. I believed in that man's excellencies at once. "True, he is a Catholic," he said, "but he is far in advance of many Protestants in liberality of sentiment. Why, he was denounced from the altar by the priest of his own parish." He went to a file of newspapers, and brought several and read extracts to me from the member's recent speeches, dwelling with special